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Divine Songs,

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EASY LANGUAGE

For the USE of

CHILDREN.

Out of the Mouth of Babes and Sucklings
thou hast perfect Praise.—Matt. xxi. 7.



Printed and Sold in London.



DIVINE SONGS.

A general Song of Praise to God.

HOW glorious is our heavenly king,
Who reigns above the sky!
How shall a child presume to sing,
His dreadful Majesty.

How great his pow'r none can tell,
Nor think how large his grace;
Nor men below, nor saints that dwell
On high before his face.

Not angels that stand round the Lord,
Can search his secret will;
But they perform his heavenly word,
And sing his praises still.

Then let me join this holy train,
And my first offerings bring:
Th'eternal God will not disdain
To hear an infant sing.

My heart resolves, my tongues obeys,
 And angels shall rejoice
 To hear their mig' ty Maker's praise
 Sourd from a feeble voice.

Praise for Creation and Providence.

I Sing th' almighty power of God,
 That made the mountains rise,
 That spread the flowing seas abroad,
 And built the lofty skies.

I sing the wisdom that ordain'd
 The sun to rule the day ;
 The moon shines full at his command,
 And all the stars obey.

I sing the goodness of the Lord,
 That fill'd the earth with food.
 He form'd the creatures all around,
 And then pronounc'd them good.

Lord, how thy wonders are display'd
 Where'er I turn my eye,
 If I survey the ground I tread,
 Or gaze upon the sky.

There's not a plant or flower below,
 But makes thy glories known ;
 And clouds arise and tempests blow,
 By order from thy throne.

Creatures (as numerous as they be)
 Are subject to thy care ;

There's not a place where we can flee,
But God is present there.

In heaven he shines with beams of love,
With wrath in hell beneath;
'Tis on his earth I stand or move,
And 'tis his air I breath.

His hand is my perpetual guard,
He keeps me with his eye;
Why should I then forget the Lord,
Who is for ever nigh?

Praise to God for our Redemption.

BLEST be the wisdom and the power,
The justice and the grace,
That join'd in council to restore,
And save our ruin'd race.

Our father ate forbidden fruit,
And from his glory fell;
And we his children thus were brought
To death, and near to hell.

Blest be the Lord, who sent his Son,
To take our flesh and blood,
He for our lives gave up his own,
To make our peace with God.

He honour'd all his Father's laws,
Which we have disobey'd;
He bore our sins upon the cross,
And our full ransom paid.

Behold him rising from the grave,
 Behold him rais'd on high;
 He pleads his merits there to save
 Transgressors doom'd to die.

There on a glorious throne he reigns,
 And by his power divine,
 Redeems us from the slavish chains,
 Of Satan and of sin.

Then shall the Lord to judgment come,
 And with a sov'reign voice
 Shall call and break up every tomb,
 While waking saints rejoice.

O may I then with joy appear
 Before the judge's face,
 And with the blest assembly there,
 Sing his redeeming grace.

Praise for Mercies Spiritual and Temporal.

WHene'er I take my walks abroad,
 How many poor I see!
 What shall I render to my God
 For all his gifts to me?

No more than others I deserve,
 Yet God hath given me more;
 For I have food while others starve,
 And beg from door to door.

How many children in the street,
 Half naked I hold;

While I am cloath'd from head to foot,
And cover'd from the cold.

While some poor wretches scarce can tell
Where they may lay their head,
I have a home wherein to dwell,
And rest upon my bed.

While others early learn to swear,
And curse, and lie, and steal,
Lord! I am taught thy name to fear,
And do thy holy will.

Are these thy favours day by day,
To me above the rest?
Then let me love thee more than they,
And try to serve thee best.

*Praise for Birth and Education in a Christian
Land.*

GREAT God to thee my voice I raise,
To thee my youngest hours belong,
I would begin my song with praise,
'Till growing years improve my song.

'Tis to thy sov'reign grace I owe,
That I was born on British ground,
Where streams of heavenly mercy flow,
And words of sweet salvation sound.

I would not change my native land
For rich Peru with all her gold;
A nobler prize lies in my hand,
Than east or western Indies hold.

How do I pity those that dwell
 Where ignorance and darkness reign;
 They know no heaven, they fear no hell,
 Those endless joys, those endless pains.

Thy glorious promises, O Lord;
 Kindle my hope and my desire;
 While all the preachers of thy word,
 Warn me t'escape eternal fire.

Thy praise shall still employ my breath,
 Since thou hast mark'd my way to heav'n,
 Nor will I run the road to death,
 And waste the blessings thou hast given.

Praise for the Gospel

LORD, I ascribe it to thy grace,
 And not to chance, as others do,
 That I was born of Christian race,
 And not a Heathen or a Jew.

What would the antient Jewish kings
 And Jewish prophets once have given,
 Could they have heard the glorious things
 Which Christ reveal'd, and brought from
 heaven.

How glad the heathens would have been,
 That worshipp'd idols, wood, and stone;
 If they the book of God had seen,
 Or Jesus and his gospel known.

Then if his gospel I refuse,
 How shall I e'er lift up my eyes?

For all the Gentiles and the Jews,
Against us will in judgment rise.

The Excellency of the Bible.

Great God, with wonder and with praise
On all thy works I look;
But still thy wisdom, pow'r, and grace,
Shine brighter in thy book.

The stars that in their courses roll,
Have much instruction given;
But thy good word informs my soul,
How I may climb to heaven.

The fields provide me food, and show
The goodness of the Lord;
But fruits of life and glory grow
In thy most holy word.

Here are my choicest treasures hid,
Here my best comfort lies;
Here my desires are satisfy'd,
And hence my hopes arise.

Lord, make me understand thy law,
Show what my faults have been;
And from thy gospel let me draw
Pardon for all my sin.

And all would learn how Christ has dy'd
To save my soul from hell;
Not all the books on earth beside
Such heavenly wonder tell.

Then let me love my Bible more,
 And take a fresh delight,
 By day to read these wonders e'er,
 And meditate by night.

Praise to God for learning to Read.

THE praises of my tongue
 I offer to the Lord,
 That I was taught and learnt so young
 To read his holy word.

That I am brought to know
 The danger I was in,
 By nature, and by practice too,
 A wretched slave to sin.

That I am led to see,
 I can do nothing well;
 And whither shall a sinner flee,
 To save himself from hell?

Dear Lord, this book of thine
 Informs me where to go,
 For grace to pardon all my sins,
 And make me holy too.

Here I can read and learn
 How Christ the Son of God
 Has undertook our great concern,
 Our ransom cost his blood.

And now he reigns above,
 And sends his spirit down,

To show the wonders of his love,
And make his gospel known.

O may that spirit teach,
And make my heart receive
Those truths which all thy servants preach,
And all thy saints believe.

Then shall I praise the Lord
In a more cheerful strain,
That I was taught to read his word,
And was not taught in vain.

The All-seeing God.

ALmighty God, thy piercing eye
Strikes thro' the shades of night,
And our most secret actions lie
All open to the sight.

There's not a sin that we commit,
Nor wicked word we say,
But in thy dreadful book 'tis mark'd,
Against the judgment day.

And must the crimes that I have done,
Be read and published there,
Be all expos'd before the sun,
While men and angels hear?

Lord, at thy foot asham'd I lie,
Upwards I dare not look;
Pardon my sins before I die,
And blot them from thy book.

Remember all the dying pains
 That my Redeemer felt,
 And let his blood wash out my stains,
 And answer for my guilt.

O may I now for ever fear
 T' indulge a sinful thought,
 Since the great God can see and hear,
 And writes down every fault,

Solemn Thoughts of God and Death.

THERE is a God that reigns above,
 Lord of the heavens, and earth, and
 seas;

I fear his wrath, I ask his love,
 And with my lips I sing his praise.

There is a law which he hath writ,
 To teach us all what we must do!
 My soul to his commands submit,
 For they are holy, just, and true.

There is a gospel of rich grace,
 Where sinners all their comforts draw,
 Lord I repent, and seek thy face,
 For I have often broke thy law.

There is, an hour when I must die,
 Nor do I know how soon 'twill come;
 A thousand children young as I
 Are call'd by death to hear their doom.

Let me improve the hours I have,
 Before the day of grace is fled ;
 There's no repentance in the grave,
 Nor pardons offer'd to the dead.

Just as a tree cut down, that fell
 To north or southward, there it lies ;
 So man departs to heaven or hell,
 Fix'd in the state wherein he dies.

Heaven and Hell.

THERE is beyond the sky
 A heaven of joy and love,
 And holy children when they die
 Go to that world above.

There is a dreadfull hell,
 And everlasting pains,
 There sinners must with devils dwell,
 In darkness, fire, and chains.

Can such a-wretch as I
 Escape this cursed end !
 And may I hope, whene'er I die,
 I shall to heaven ascend !

Then will I read and pray
 While I have breath and life ;
 Left I should be cut off to-day,
 And sent t'eternal death.

The Advantages of early Religion.

HAppy's the child whose youngest years,
 Receive instruction well;
 Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
 The road that leads to hell.

When we devote our youth to God,
 'Tis pleasing in his eyes;
 A flower, when offer'd in the bud,
 Is no vain sacrifice.

'Tis easier work if we begin
 To fear the Lord betimes,
 While sinners that grow old in sin
 Are harden'd in their crimes.

'Twill save us from a thousand snares
 To mind religion young;
 Grace will preserve our following years,
 And make our virtue strong.

To thee, Almighty God! to thee,
 Our childhood we resign;
 'Twill please us to look back and see
 That our whole lives were thine.

Let the sweet work of prayer and praise
 Employ my youngest breath;
 Thus I'm prepar'd for longer days,
 Or fit for early death.

The Danger of Delay.

WHY should I say, 'Tis yet too soon,
 To seek for heaven, or think of death,
 A flower may fade before 'tis noon,
 And I this day may lose my breath.

If this rebellious heart of mine,
 Despise the gracious calls of heaven,
 I may be hardened in my sin,
 And never have repentance given.

What if the Lord grow wrath and swear,
 While I refuse to read and pray,
 That he'll refuse to lend an ear,
 To all my groans another day.

What if his dreadful anger burn,
 While I refuse his offer'd grace,
 And all his love to fury turn,
 And strike me dead upon the place.

'Tis dangerous to provoke a God,
 His power and vengeance none can tell;
 One stroke of his almighty rod,
 Shall send young sinners quick to hell.

Then 'twill for ever be in vain,
 To cry for pardon and for grace,
 To wish I had my time again,
 Or hope to see my Maker's face,

Examples of early Piety.

WHAT blest examples do I find,
 Write in the word of truth,
 Of children that begin to mind
 Religion in their youth.

Jesus who reigns above the sky,
 And keeps the world in awe,
 Was once a child as young as I,
 And kept his father's law.

At twelve years old, he talk'd with men,
 (The Jews all wond'ring stand)
 Yet he obey'd his mother then,
 And came at her command.

Children a sweet Hosanna sung,
 And blest a Saviour's name;
 They gave him honour with their tongue,
 Whilst Scribes and Priests blaspheme.

Samuel the child was wean'd and brought
 To wait upon the Lord;
 Young Timothy betimes was taught
 To know his holy word.

Then why should I so long delay
 What others learn so soon?
 I would not pass another day
 Without this work begun.

Against Lying.

O 'Tis a lovely thing for youth
 To walk betimes in wisdom's way,
 To fear a lie, to speak the truth,
 That we may trust to all they say.

But liars we can never trust,
 Tho' they should speak the thing that's true,
 And he that does one fault at first,
 And lies to hide it makes it two.

Have we not known, or heard, or read,
 How God abhors deceit or wrong?
 How Ananias was struck dead,
 Catch'd with a lie upon his tongue?

So did his wife Saphira die,
 When she came in and was so bold,
 As to confirm the wicked lie,
 That just before her husband told.

The Lord delights in them that speak
 The words of truth; but ev'ry liar
 Must have his portion in the lake
 That burns with brimstone and with fire.

Then let me always watch my lips,
 Lest I be struck to death and hell;
 Since God a book of reckoning keeps
 For every lie that children tell.

Against Quarrelling and Fighting.

LET dogs delight to bark and bite,
 For God has made them so;
 Let bears and lions growl and fight,
 For 'tis their nature too.

But children, you should never let
 Such angry passions rise;
 Your little hands were never made
 To tear each others eyes.

Let love thro' all your actions run,
 And all your words be mild;
 Live like the blessed virgin's Son,
 That sweet and lovely child.

His soul was gentle as a lamb,
 And as his stature grew,
 He grew in favour both with Men,
 And God his Father too.

Now Lord of all he reigns above,
 And from his heavenly throne
 He sees what children dwell in love,
 And marks them for his own.

Love between Brothers and Sisters.

WHatever brawls disturb the street,
 There should be peace at home;
 Where sisters dwell, and brothers meet,
 Quarrels should never come.

Birds in their little nests agree,
 And 'tis a shameful fight,
 When children of one family,
 Fall out, and chide, and fight.

Hard names at first, and threat'ning words,
 That are but noisy breath,
 May grow to clubs and naked fwords,
 To murder, and to death.

The devil tempts one mother's son
 To rage against another ;
 So wicked Cain was hurried on,
 'Till he had kill'd his brother.

The wise will make their anger cool,
 At least before 'tis night ;
 But in the bosom of a fool
 It burns till morning light.

Pardon, O Lord ! our childish rage,
 Our little broils remove,
 That as we grow to riper age,
 Our hearts may all be love.

Against Scoffing and calling Names.

OUR tongues were made to bless the Lord
 And not speak ill of men ;
 When others give a railing word,
 We must not rail again.

Cross words and angry names require
 To be chastis'd at school,

And he's in danger of hell-fire,
That calls his brother fool.

But lips that dare to be prophane,
To mock, and jeer, and scoff,
At holy things, or holy men,
The Lord will cut them off.

When children in their wanton play
Serv'd old Elisha so,
And bid the prophet go his way,
Go up, thou Bald-head, go.

God quickly stopt their wicked breath,
And sent two raging bears,
That tore them limb from limb to death,
With blood, and groans, and tears.

Great God, how terrible art thou
To sinners ne'er so young;
Grant me thy grace, and teach me how
To tame and rule my tongue.

*Against Swearing, Cursing, and taking God's
Name in vain.*

ANGELS that high in glory dwell,
Adore thy name, Almighty God!
And devils tremble down in hell,
Beneath the terrors of thy rod.

And yet how wicked children dare
Abuse thy dreadful glorious name.

And when they're angry, how they swear,
And curse their fellows, and blaspheme!

How they will stand before thy face,
Who treated thee with such disdain;
While thou shalt doom them to the place
Of everlasting fire and pain.

Then never shall one cooling drop
To quench their burning tongues be giv'n;
But I will praise thee here, and hope
Thus to employ my tongue in heaven.

My heart shall be in pain to hear,
Wretches affront the Lord above;
'Tis that great God whose power I fear,
That heavenly Father whom I love.

If my companions grow prophane,
I'll leave their friendship when I hear
Young sinners take thy name in vain,
And learn to curse, and learn to swear.

Against Idleness and Mischief.

HOW doth the little busy Bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day,
From every op'ning flower.

How skilfully she builds her Cell,
How neat she spreads her wax,
And labours hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labour or of skill,
 I would be easy too ;
 For Satan finds some mischief still,
 For idle hands to do.

In books, or works, or healthful play,
 Let my first years be past,
 That I may give for every day
 Some good account at last.

Against Evil Company.

WHY should I join with those in play,
 In whom I've no delight,
 Who curse and swear, but never pray,
 Who call ill names and fight.

I hate to hear a wanton song,
 Their words offend my ears,
 I should not dare defile my tongue
 With language such as theirs.

Away from fools I'll turn my eyes,
 Nor with the scoffers go ;
 I would be walking with the wise,
 That wiser I may grow.

From one rude boy that use to mock,
 Ten learn the wicked jest ;
 One sickly sheep infects the flock,
 And poisons all the rest.

My God, I hate to walk or dwell
 With sinful children here ;

Then let me not be sent to hell,
Where none but sinners are.

A Cradle Hymn.

HUSH! my babe, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed;
Heavenly blessings without number,
Gently fall upon thy head.

Sleep my babe, thy food and raiment,
House and home thy friends provide,
All without thy care and payment,
And thy wants are well supply'd.

How much better thou'rt attended,
Than the Son of God could be,
When from heaven he descended,
And became a child like thee.

Soft and easy is thy cradle,
Course and hard thy Saviour lay,
When his birth-place was a stable,
And his softest bed was hay.

Blessed babe, what glorious features,
Spotless fair, divinely bright;
Must he dwell with brutal creatures,
How could angels bear the sight?

Was there nothing but a manger,
Curst sinners could afford,
To receive the heavenly stranger,
Did they 'hus affront the Lord?

Soft, my child, I did not chide thee,
 Tho' my song might sound too hard ;

'Tis thy ^{*Mother} Nurse that sits beside thee,
 And her arms shall be thy guard.

Yet to read the shameful story,
 How the Jews did use their king,
 How they serv'd the Lord of Glory,
 Makes me angry while I sing.

See the kinder shepherds round him,
 Telling wonders from the sky ;
 There they sought him, there they found him,
 With his virgin-mother by.

See the lovely babe a dressing,
 Lovely Infant, how he smil'd ;
 When he wept his mother's blessing
 Sooth'd and hush'd the holy child.

Lo ! he slumbers in a manger,
 Where the horned oxen fed ;
 Peace, my darling, here's no danger,
 Here's no oxen near thy bed.

'Twas to save the child from dying,
 Save my dear from burning flame,
 Bitter groans, and endless crying,
 That my blest Redeemer came.

* Here you may use the words brother,
 Sister, neighbour, friend, &c.

May'st thou live to know and fear him,
 Trust and love him all thy days;
 Then go dwell for ever near him,
 See his face and sing his praise.

I could give thee a thousand kisses,
 Hoping what I must desire:
 Not a mother's fondest wishes
 Can to greater Joys aspire.

F I N I S,



